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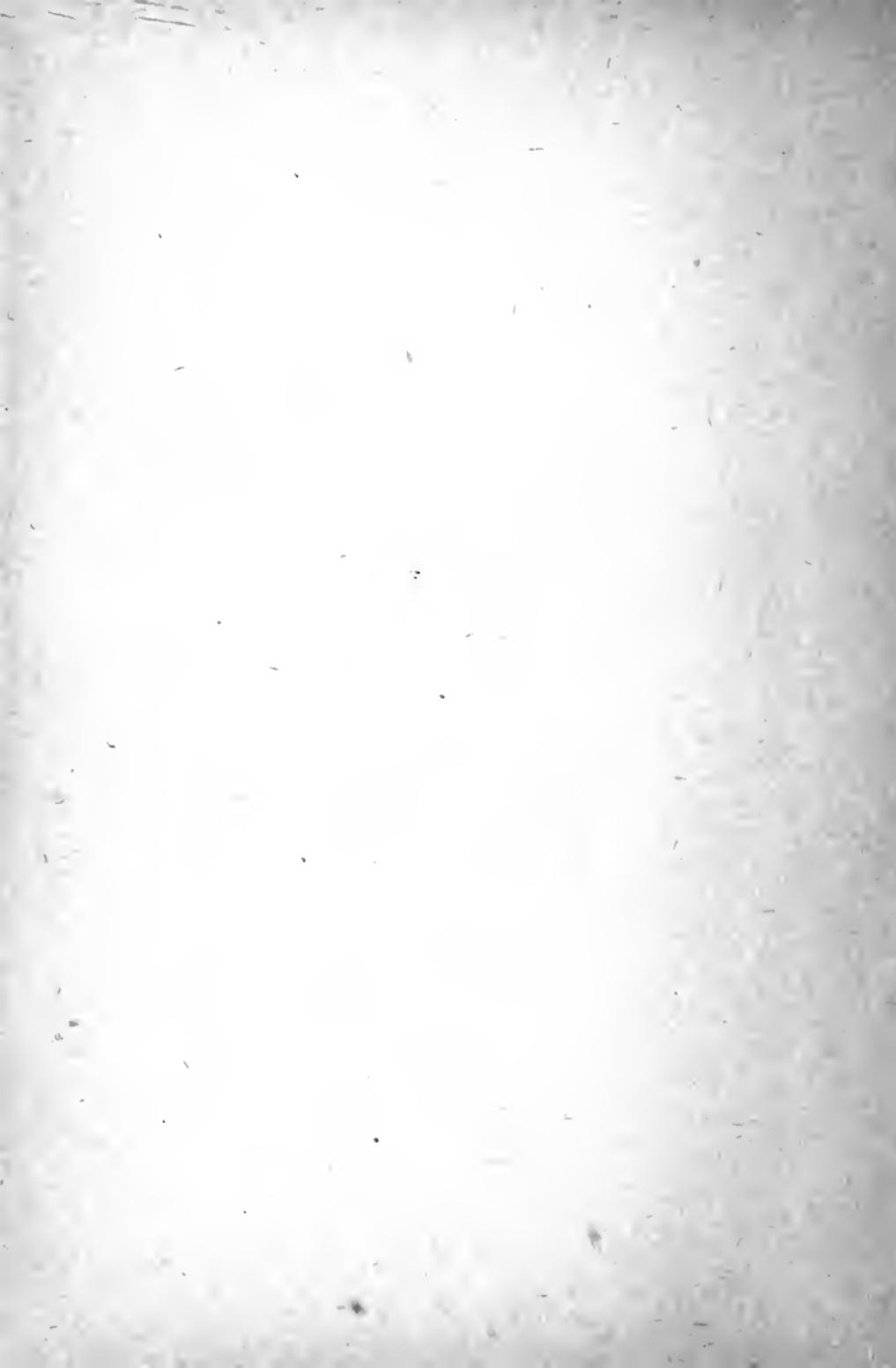
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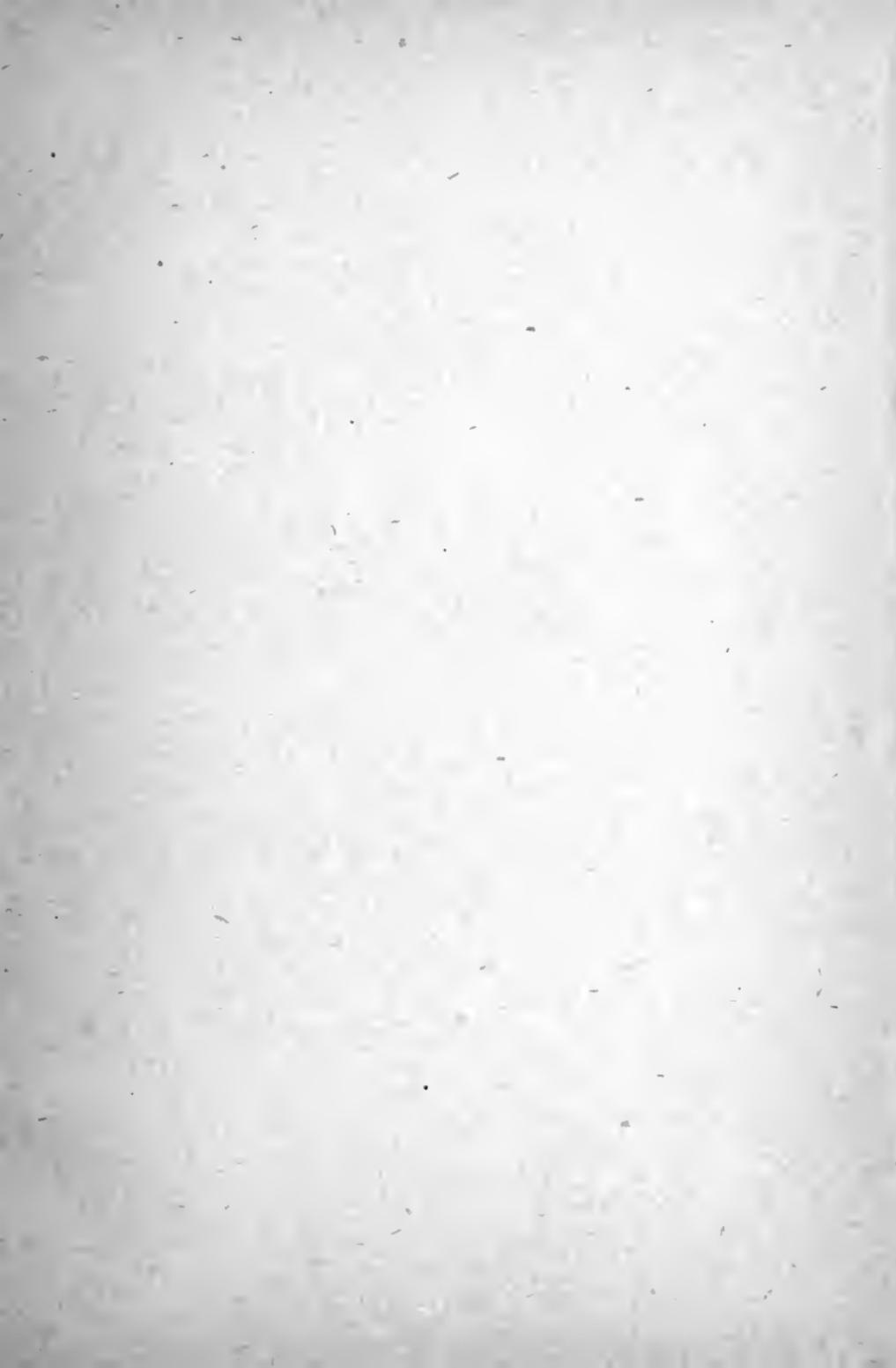
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UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.









VIEWS OF THE SUMMER-LAND

—OR—
THE POEMS OF
REV. ASA WARREN.



Arranged and Compiled.

—*By*—
GEORGE C. KENNEDY.

Grandson of the Author

HANNIBAL, MO.
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Respectfully Dedicated,
To all of the friends, co-workers, and
co-believers of the late Rev. Asa Warren.

PREFACE.

In ancient days, a priest or prophet who stepped out of the beaten path of prevalent belief had immortality thrust upon him. The tenets of a new faith proclaimed him, the founder, to the world; and martyrdom, on the one hand, or triumphing success, on the other, rendered him a conspicuous mark for future ages. The efforts of the later innovators in revealed religion are destined to an influence no less potent, though the individual investigator is less prominent.

Then the mental elevation of the priest was as that of the pinnacled cliff above the plain; the power of mind heaved high amidst the sullen level of universal ignorance. *Now* the brave-eyed iconoclast stirs and purifies the thought of the world as he moves unseen through it, as the Gulf-stream, invisible to the eye, plows and refreshes the dark waste of ocean bringing salubrity and happiness to adjacent shores.

The author, one of these latter day priests of God followed a consistent course of action throughout a long life. His efforts, together with those of the reformers of the first century of the Republic, contributed both to the overthrow of slavery, and to the enfranchisement of thought. Born on the 30th day of December, 1809, he received ordination at the hands of Presiding Elder Fillmore of the Methodist Episcopal Church, at his birth-place, Hampton, Washington Co., New York.

His active anti-slavery work becoming obnoxious to that church which had put itself on record as opposed to slavery agitation, he left its folds for those of the Wesleyan Methodist Church, whose course was more consistent with freedom. Here he was for several years Presiding Elder.

Immediately upon the revelation of phenomena declaring the boundaries of spirit communication, he began to investigate the alleged heresy. Becoming convinced of the truth of all that he had seen, upon its disavowal by the church, he once more left that organization, and adhered to the

new faith. The remainder of his life here, which closed on the 19th day of September, 1886 was devoted to the spread and development of his convictions. Devout himself, he electrified thousands by his words. The poems published here, were written at various periods, but all bear witness to one central idea. Stronger than his hold on life was his hope for immortality, and that is the key-note to which all of his strings of thought intone.

Posessing neither the grandeur of the ocean's eternal hymning which reverberates in the ancient singer's strain, nor the ornate imagery and delicate tracery of words which, like the empty dome of a Iaj Mahal, decks the fabric of the trans-Atlantic bard, his simple lines breathe only hope and joy as he dreams of celestial halls, or with sharpened eye and ear sees the sheen of radiant robes, hears the rustle of vibrating wings.

THE CRY.

What sounds are these that thrill the darkened air,
What merciless hammer clangs its ringing
rounds,
With tumultuous beat the weary ear confounds,
And brings to memory back its burdened care ?
Whose every shock turns every nerve to flame,
Vibrating every chamber of the soul ;
Whose multitudinous echoes mimic roll
In saddened tones the accents of his name.
Who from my brow shall lift the cypress wreath ?
When shall depart th' unceasing funeral knell ?
My pulses echo to no cheerier bell [death,
Than that which claims the cherished one for
Companion, counselor, friend, thy work is done.
Would I could hear thy cheering voice once
more—
Thy footstep present at the opened door—
Again with thee behold the risen sun !
Again with thee stand on proud Erie's shore,
Again retrace the wave bound Michigan,

Recall the struggles which the boy began,
And manhood facing Slavery's threatening roar.

Again recount the days of want and pain,

Thy proud defiance to despotic power :

The bright occasion ; aye, the fated hour
When you relinquished other paths to fame.

When from the trembling forms of priestly craft

You struck the glittering show and thin disguise

Before both friendly and unfriendly eyes [shaft,
Pierced false pretence with many a trenchant
Would I once more might see that silvered head,

But no, that form within the grave is laid !

What is to be must be. Must hope thus fade
And hushed forever lie the silent dead ?

The Answer.

Not so ! beyond the lifting veils

The rising Isis glows,

The earth-worn pilgrim, fainting, hails

The mystic future. Knows

The joy of death, the bliss of pain,

The freedom of the slave ;

The contrast of eternal life

With vapors of the grave.

Straight to his open vision, comes

The wonders of the Seen.

The Universe in lustre shows
 Its form majestic. Keen
And keener still his lightened eyes
 Pierce to each hidden shore;
Behind him countless worlds retreat,
 The Infinite before.

Hail to the future! We who pass
 The dark, deep choking dust;
Who see through clouds the rising sun:
 Fair nature through her crust.,

Hail to the future! We who see
 The presence of the years;
We who have doffed the doubter's robe
 To people wider spheres,
Have brought our hopes, the seven-hued rays
 Transfused and cast in one,
A beacon, till the future brings
 To sight the Unseen Sun.

The Law of Progress.

Progression is a law divine
 Existing everywhere.
Pervading all things here in time,
 The ocean, earth and air.

Progression marks the mineral realm
 Where gold and diamonds are

For God, its Author, holds the helm
And guides this mighty car,

The floral realm proclaims the law
Unfolded higher and higher.

A fact which science lately saw
And raised the bigots ire,

Poor foolish man—how dark and vain
To think God's works stand still
Nay! Sunshine comes and then the rain;
Each makes our spirits thrill.

Progression speaks in kingly tones
O'er prairie, vale and hills,
For then her annual bounty comes
And all our granaries fills.

The realm where mammals sport and play
And fish and mollusks swim,
Bear testimony day by day
That progress rules theirein.

So ages, as they come and go
God's universe adorn;
And latest fossils ever show
Best symmetry of form.

And every later age we're told
In mammal realms 'tis found,

The higher intellect unfolds
The universe around.

And thus in all these lower realms,
Progression holds the rod,
And rules in sunshine, storm and calm
A messenger of God.

And if in fields of lower life
Progression bears the sway,
In human destiny and strife
Shall it not rule the day?

Shall man, the noblest work of God,
Progression fail to share
Man! who can analize the sod,
The ocean, earth and air?

Nay! Man shall progress while the throne
Almighty God shall rule;
And he who doubts shall come at last
To find himself the fool!

All Worlds, all systems made by Him,
From angels to the sod,
Move by progressions mighty law,
All! but the *further* God.

These pass the spiral ways of life
Through lower paths they've trod,

14 ANGEL MINISTRY TRIUMPHANT.

Moved by progression's mighty law
To a nonprogressive God.

Then rise my soul, stretch every nerve,
Rise upward to the blue,
For there'll be ever room enough
Between your God and you.

Angel Ministry Triumphant.

The angel world in day's of old
Came down to talk with man ;
And thus revealed, as we are told—
God's great and wondrous plan—
By which the race of man on earth
Can heaven by love attain ;
And thus secure the higher birth,
Immortal to remain.

These ministrations came we're told,
From Abram down to John ;
To safely guide the Jewish fold
Till God revealed his Son.

His Son, the man, the Nazarene
With medium powers sublime,
Controlled by angels, as it seems
For purposes divine.

Three years through him the spirits plead
With guilty church and priests.

And then they crucified till dead

The Nazarene, the Christ.

But multitudes had caught the light

The angel world had shed;

And for a time kept up the fight

Though He, the Christ, was dead.

Through all these ages angels bright

Did church and priest reprove,

But still rejected they the light

All radiant with God's love.

But fallen priests did then unite

In persecution strong,

And thus by force suppressed the light

Which had reproved so long.

For fifteen hundred years from earth

This precious light was gone;

Then angels from the higher birth

Awoke the glorious dawn.

Of this sublime resplendant day,

For heaven and earth now meet,

And in their hallowed union stay

And each the other greet.

So heaven and earth again unite

Our kindred to redeem,

16 ANGEL MINISTRY TRIUMPHANT.

And spread abroad this heavenly light
As millions here have seen.

This mighty work for thirty years
Has spread itself abroad,
And thus removed all doubt and fears
That it came forth from God

The tiny rap announced its birth
At Fox's humble door
A stranger thing than all the world
Had ever heard before.

An angle rapping in the midst
Of mortal men below,
Near threw the clergy into fits
As men of knowledge know

The celebrated Doctor Cox
In pamphlet form did show
He fully understood the knocks,
"The girl had snapped her toe."

If not, 'twas plain as he could see,
Beyond all human doubt,
The girl had surely snapped her knee,
And he had found it out.

Well done! great Doctor from the schools,
In this most wondrous fact

You've shown yourself the simplest fool,
Or else your brain is cracked.

“Tis magnetism,” others said,
As all must plainly see.

A man must be a leather-head
To call it snapping toe or knee”

“ ‘Tis electricity,” some said,
“Beyond all human doubt,
And every man that's ever read
Has surely found it out.”

Another stretched his neck and cries
“Its nothing but Od force!”

And thus the fourth stands up and lies
Till voice and lungs are hoarse.

Another said, “It's all a cheat,
A play at sleight of hand,
For any conjurer can beat
All mediums of the land.”

Another said “It's ignorance,
And thus through all the land
Its advocates lack common sense,
An idiotic band.”

Another shouts, ‘ Its surely strange
That such a monstrous evit

18 ANGEL MINISTER TRIUMPHANT

Should fail to be endorsed by all
As coming from the devil.

“But the old devil shrewd and mum,
As all may safely bet,
Has fairly now himself outdone
In getting up planchette.”

“And thus the devil does decoy
Poor souls from Jesus’ blood,
By writing with this little toy,
Far stronger than their God

“If not! Why not the God step in
And quell this mighty evil?
Why leave the enemy to win;
His’ little heaven born devil?

“One of two things must be the fact,
Either he approves the evil,
Or else his aim is far too short,
To cope with such a devil.

“Or else his moral elements
Are weak as running water,
Why should he leave the Enemy,
With human souls to slaughter?

Six thousand years have passed, 'tis said,
Since God and devil parted

And millions sleep among the dead
Since man from Eden started.

Nine out of ten the devil won,
And thus augment his number;
While God does little but look on
With great chagrin and wonder.

And church and priest and doctors weep
O'er this great desolation,
And with anathemas do steep
This modern revelation.

But still the mighty work goes on
The angel world proclaiming,
The battle fought, the victory won,
The truth still ever gaining.

And gain it must and gain it will,
Till all shall stand adoring,
And old Theology lies still
In its last stage of snoring.

And sure she never will awake
To life, or to perfection;
For circumstances indicate.
She'll have no resurrection.

The foe is numerous, not strong,
For all her hosts divided,

And sure her race will not be long,
 Her plans have all collided.

For angel truth is pure and strong,
 Adapted to the hour,
 Inspires the Soul with seraph song,
 And clothes the man with power.

The Night of Time, and Day of Eternity.

We know that the day of Eternity's near,
 And the harvesting angel his sickle puts forth,
 To gather us home to the heavenly sphere,
 From the east and the west, from the south
 and the north.

And no intervention can stay his strong hand,
 His sickle shall gather the great and the small,
 Not the rich, nor the poor, nor the monarch can
 stand, [last call.]

When Nature's great law shall announce her
 Then awake from your slumbers, ye millions of
 earth;

Ye souls that must live while eternities roll
 And prepare for the glories of heavenly birth
 Nor pass life away like the slumbering mole.
 Then rouseup and cast off the garments of night;
 And clothe your great souls in the vestments

For angels invite you to holier light, [of day;
Then why in your darkness, Oh why will you
stay?

Then rise above riot and drunkenness here,
All clothed in the garments of virtue and love,
Be angels of light in this dark earthly sphere,
And then you'll rank high in the bright
worlds above,

And chambering and wantonness fail not to show,
They'll clothe you in garments of hells dark-
est night,

And it may be for ages when earth life is done
Will disrobe thy souls vision of heaven's vast light.

Then rise from the dark plane of envy and strife,
Rush away from the dark realm of slander
and hate, [quaff,

For as long as thy souls these dark waters shall
Thy wo is secured by the great law of fate,

Let life here be guarded against every ill,
And in all things be sure and avoid moral evil,
And thy soul shall be saved from that inward hell,

Lest thy life here proclaim an incarnated devil,
And then though the night here be brief or
prolonged [the soul,
Or the day come unlooked for, or sought by

It will find us inspired with seraphic song,
And in safety reach the bright heavenly goal.
And the great law of Progress shall carry us on
While the cycles of ages continue to roll,
Where toils are all o'er and the victory won,
And the smiles of our God are the feasts of
the soul.

On a bright May morning.

The morning comes with life and love,

All nature breathing free

And angels whisper from above,

“Dear friends, we come to thee.

“From the bright realms of endless life,

We bring our blessings down,

And with the joys of those above,

Your spirits now would crown.

“Open your hearts to make us room,

Accept our fond embrace,

For we have come to guide you home,

And keep in perfect place.

“Your earthly race will soon be o'er,

The final victory won.

And you will stand on our bright shore,

Our peaceful heavenly home.

“High on the plains of endless life
With angels bright you’ll be,
To wage the war of endless strife,
To conquer and be free.

‘ In freedom’s light through endless years
You’ll wing your rapid flight,
Beyond the land of doubt and fears
And clothed in angel white.’

Oh welcome, angels, to this place,
Aye, welcome to our hearts,
Here we would meet thee face to face
As friends who never part.

Ancient Angelic Communion the Dawn of this Resplendent day,

Far back to rudimental homes,
When men were dark and few.
The angels came to kindred ones
As now they come to you.

‘Twas but the glimmering morning light
Which thus prepared the way,
For human minds to grasp the light
Of this resplendent day.

A day that dissipates all doubts
That, man shall live forever,

24 ON THE FALLING OF A MAPLE LEAF.

So millions now stand looking out
Across death's rapid river.

Its waver now dash the shore in vain,
For we have lost all terror,
Since kindred angels calmed the main
And shook the ancient error.

And thus the millions of our earth
Are gladly passing oe'r,
To claim the rights of higher birth
On heaven's resplendent shore.

Then from the land of glorious light
They come to earth again,
To guide us in our upward flight
To their immortal plane.

Then let us labor to unfold,
In wisdom, love and truth,
And soon we'll reach the heavenly goal,
Where angels dwell in youth.

And while eternal ages roll
We'll rise amid the spheres,
And God's pure love shall feast the soul
Throughout the endless years.

On the Falling of a Maple Leaf.

The spring puts forth her carpet green,
All nature's fresh and fair,

Like life arising from the tomb
Beneath God's guardian care.

How beautiful the summer's face
When flowers are all in bloom ;
But autumn comes with chilling blast
And changes all to gloom.

The maple leaf all sere and pale,
Falls from its parent stem,
A letter of the simple tale
Of what it once had been.

Cold winter spreads his icy arms
O'er all the earth abroad,
And folds the past with all its charms
In death's cold chilling shroud.

So childhood represents the spring
And youth the summer flowers,
In autumn manhood fades, yet sings,
Then yields to winter's storms.

But life eternal waits beyond
Cold winters frosty spray,
Where toils are o'er and victory won
In cloudless, endless day.

Then shout aloud God's endless praise
Ye nations round the earth,

26 HOPE, MAN'S ETERNAL ANCHOR.

While angel voices ever raise
Their songs of higher birth,
And all the planets in their turn
Join in the loud acclaim,
And seraph hosts that ever burn
Respond a loud Amen.

Hope, Man's Eternal Anchor.

Hope is the golden chain that binds
Man's soul to endless years,
Sustains his spirit while it drinks
Its bitterest earth life tears.

Oh, who could pass the chequered scenes
Of human life on earth,
If hope did not inspire our dreams
With higher, holier birth.

All here would be perpetual night
Around this earthly sphere,
Did hope not wake the inner sight,
And ope the inner ear.

Hope is the anchor of the soul
Amidst earth's darkest storms,
She grasps the rocks within the vale
And shouts, behold the morn!
And when she thus uplifts the vail
And brings the morning light,

The soul with joy and triumph sails,
And thus outrides the night.

Hope is man's leading guiding star,
The brightest of the seven,
She holds the helm that guides the car
That bears us on to heaven.

And hope shall last to guide us here,
And lead us safey o'er
To join the angels in their sphere
On heaven's resplendent shore.

Hope shall inspire all angel souls
To progress in their sphere,
To reach the bright excelsior goal
And breathe diviner air.

Paine on the Atonement.

Would God atonement thus require
To save mankind from endless fire,
When one eternal sovereign word
Were equal to a sea of blood?

Yet theology proclaims a God
A thousand ages snuffing blood,
Because an angel of his hand
Rebelled against his wise command.

Again his anger burst afame
When Satan into Eden came,
With wrath he then the garden shook
When Eve the yellow pippin took.

“Now, Adam,” said this little God,
“You’ll get your bread by turning sod.
I’ll make the sweat run down the face
Of all your sinful guilty race.

Your bread shall come alone from toil
By rooting up the heavy soil,
I’ll cause your every bone to ache,
Make every cord and sinew quake.

And you frail woman, fair and vain
Shall bear the race in mortal pain.
To Adam thy desire shall be,
And he as lord shall rule o’er thee.”

Then God with Satan did make battle
And cursed the snake above all cattle,
Saying, “On thy belly wage thy strife
Through all the days of snakeship life.”

“And dust,” said God, thou sure shall eat,
Because my plans you did defeat!”
But still the snake defies the God
By living on the bird and frog.

But Satan mourns that fatal day
When he seduced pure Eve away,
And onward crawls with mournful wail
Because he can't walk on his tail.

Now let us leave this foolish story,
This Oriental allegory,
Whose birth was in a darker age,
Than marks the present hist'ry's page.

Turning from romance and vain song,
In truth let each stand pure and strong:
With love and science as our rod
Point out humanity to God,

Then mount the ladder Jacob saw,
And from the top shout the hurrah,
As back to earth, we come again
To guide our kindred o'er the main.

Then back again to heaven's bright shore
With all our kindred safely o'er
We'll wander o'er those fields of light,
In endless day "there is no night."

So said the ancient Patmos seer,
A fact to all clairvoyants clear.
Night's but the shadow of the earth,
No shadows fall in heavenly birth.

There's one perpetual heavenly day
Where all is bloom and no decay.

Again I say "There is no night,"
All's luminous, all's infinite,

The field is broad for every soul,
It joins the universal goal;
And human souls may ever rise
To loftier truths and purer skies.

There fields of science shall unfold
More precious than Earth's mines of gold,
For gold will vanish when the earth
Unfolds into her spirit birth.

And while eternal cycles roll,
God's love shall lift the human soul
Beyond where angels yet have trod,
Approaching near the throne of God.

And every human soul on earth
Is heir to such a heavenly birth
Progression's law points to that light
Where all is endless, infinite.

Reflections on the Heavenly Home.

On the golden shores of the summer land

I long to make my rest,

And join the pure angelic band,
And stand among the blest.

The vision now enchant's my soul,
I rise on wings of fire,
And haste to reach the heavenly goal
Where spirits never tire.

I love the father's precious plan,
Adapted for the race.

It reaches every soul of man
Who runs the heavenly race.

Though some run slow and others fast
While here on earth we roam ;
Yet every soul shall reach at last
This glorious heavenly home.

All hell shall cease when ignorance dies,
When earthly taints are lost ;
And then the soul will surely rise
And join the heavenly host.

And in those fields all Infinite,
Man shall his powers unfold
To greater breadths and loftier heights
Than angels yet have told.

Great God, how grand thy glorious plan,
How full of love and grace,

Which offers boundless fields to man
To run an endless race.

Let men and angels join in one
Triumphant song of praise,
And every planet, every sun,
His highest honors raise,

**Lines given at the funeral of a little
girl, purporting to come from
her father in spirit life.**

The years of the earthlife passed swiftly away,
From the earliest childhood to earthly decay,
Strewing childhood and manhood with flowers
and tears [years.

As we ripened, then faded midst life's closing
These diversified scenes each finds its true place
In developing man for his heavenly race,
It's a school for our culture that angels controll,
Calling out the great powers of the undying
soul,

Then let us, my dear, ever cherish God's plan,
Which has peopled the earth both with woman and man.

One soul at a time finds its home on the earth,
One soul at a time gains the heavenly birth.

Still our days ever fly as the river rolls on
Till the years of the earthlife are numbered and
gone, [here,
And the morn of the summer land dawns on us
And we meet and embrace in that heavenly
sphere.

Oh, I anxiously wait the glad dawn of that day
When your work will be done and I lead you away
To the bright fields of light where all sadness is
o'er, [more.

And the ills of the earthlife shall reach us no
Then let the cold waves of the earth life roll on,
The fiercer they roll, the sooner they are gone
Then together we'll stray o'er the broad fields of
In union eternal the husband and wife. [life

Yes, forever united the husband and bride [side.
Midst the angels we'll stand with our babes by our
Now with you we will go to the dark silent tomb
And lay our loved form in its own quiet home;
But remember, our darling has joined the bright
throng, [song.

And with father, now chants in the heavenly
A world all ablaze with spirit and light,
A day all eternal not followed by night,

And when the sad toils of the earth life are o'er
We'll meet and embrace on the heavenly shore.

Salvation by works, not by blood:

Would ye be happy here on earth

Then heed ye duty's call,

And thus prepare for higher life

While on this earthly ball

For duty and reward shall go

Forever hand in hand,

While we associate below,

Or with the angel band.

This thought should rouse our guilty souls

To run the heavenly road,

And grasp the bright excelsior goal

Where seraphs learn of God.

No pardon from the God can save

For guilt contracted here,

Still conscience will torment the knave

With soul distracting fear.

Then save thy self from sin and guilt,

Live righteous day by day,

No Savior's blood was ever spilt

That can wash thy shame away.

Then trust to Works, and not to Blood

Another may have shed :

Works which thy soul approveth good
Will give a peaceful bed

Yes, works of charity on earth
Shall meet the soul's behest;
And works of love in higher birth
Shall give eternal rest.

BLOWS.

It cannot be that nature's holy God
With power and wisdom infinite,
Would make his works so bad and poor a job
As to end in dark oblivion's endless night.

Nor would it help this dark and dread relation,
If semi-infidelity were true;
If half the race end in annihilation
Then God, the maker's lost one-half his crew.

And lost them why? Because a little devil
Made by his own almighty will and hand,
By a revolt became sin's great evangel
To guide the third of heaven's celestial band;

Then down to earth he came to Eden's bower,
And here inspired a snake to do his will;
And thus seduced by his Satanic power,
The race in federal loins that moment fell.

The snake at this time on his tail did walk,
But how he did it I could never tell,
For so he stood when he and Eve did talk
And thus he triumphed when the races fell.

At evening, God to Eden's bowers came back,
For he'd been gone awhile, the Record says;
Perhaps to view his works, or feed his flocks,
As other farmers spend their hours and days.

When Adam heard his footsteps in the shade,
He hid himself behind an apple tree;
For he had learned of God to be afraid,
For he had sinned, eat of the fruit you see.

“Adam, oh Adam, where are you?” God said,
“I am naked,” Adam said, “behind this tree.
To have you see me I was sore afraid,
For I’m a spectacle from head to knee.”

“You ate the apple, and I’ve found it out,
Which I forbade you in my grand decree!”
And from that moment God began to pout,
And pout he will to all eternity.

’Tis true his Son came down to stop the pout,
But only saved a few from Satan’s power,
So o’er his failure God will ever pout,
Through endless cycles on forevermore.

Poor Adam, he had made an awful fall,
Deep down to darkest ignorance from light,
Ere that, he did not know himself at all,
And now he finds himself in awful plight.

Oh happy day when Satan did defy
And Adam taught that God the Father lied,
For though he sinned, he knew he would not die,
And on this certain proof he would confide.

Another thing he learned of this old devil
By eating fruit he learned both good and evil,
And so through earth his progeny still plods,
In knowledge vast, as any of their Gods.

Now here we close this simple, foolish story
Its origin, an Eastern allegory,
A tale at which all science now revolts,
And human reason at its threshold halts,
A tale that libels both the God and devil,
And loads our race with all its dreadful evil.

True human greatness through self-culture.

Let us be great in scientific truth,
Unfolding childhood into ripest youth,
Let youth be lost in hoary, honored age
Replete with light from nature's boundless page.

Let us be great in holiness and love,
Meet for the happiness of angel life above,
Great in the qualities that make the angel good,
Great in the attributes of our immortal God.

Then shall our mission work on earth be fully
done

Then shall our souls be ripe for our eternal home,
And when the hour calls, death shall open wide
its door,

We'll enter as a conqueror and reign forevermore.

Amen, Amen! my soul replies, and angels shout
"Amen!" [back to earth again
And rolls the shout o'er heavens vast plains and
Then swells the shout by men on earth and by
the heavenly hosts,

Till echos of immortal hearts in eternity are lost,

ON THOMAS PAINE.

He came in his day like a bright, blazing light
When the Colonies sighed in the darkness of
night, [fight,

He bade them be strong as they closed in the
For Freedom would turn to the side of the right.
His voice in its echo seemed clothed with a pow-
er [hour.

Which roused men to arms in that dark fearful

At his bidding they rushed to the fierce bloody
fight

And liberty turned to the side of the right.

Let his name ever stand as a bright beacon light
To liberty's cause through this dark earthly night,
And may liberty spread like a transforming leav-
en

[en

Till our hero we meet in our angel bright heav-

Lines to My Wife.

Take courage, my dear one, the hours are so brief
When the spheres shall invite us to endless relief,
Then together we'll journey with triumph and
In the vast fields of progress eternally long [song

Let us both keep the mind and the body so pure
That the high spheres of heaven will welcome
us sure,

[hands,

When we pass to that temple all made without
To join in the chorus of angelic bands,

They have waited so long for our entrance there,
They will meet us rejoicing with angelic care.
And in turn we will come to our dear ones on
And guide them safe over to angelic birth. [earth,

In reunion we'll stand on that heavenly shore
And rejoice in the plan which hath brought us
safe o'er,

Aye! Rejoice in the God who made planet and
And forever exists in his infinite home. [sun

All nature proclaims his existence and love;
The wonders of earth and great worlds above,
As by millions unnumbered they sweep on
through space, [and place.

While God's hand holds each in its own sphere
Vast millions of ages already have gone
And still these great worlds on there axes roll on
Not a groan, not a jar, nor vibration appears
As they measure the volume of billions of years.

Midst these wonders divine my soul stands
amazed, [Days,

O'er shadowed by God, the Great Ancient of
In his hands all his creatures are eternally safe,
For his power and glory blend forever with grace.

Yet some say that worlds as in ether they roll.
With great plastic bodies, and spirit and soul,
Though daily and nightly they ever advance,
Were brought into being by the simplest chance.

Others tell us that worlds as they roll in their sphere, [here,

Were made and were governed by angels once
That in wisdom and triumph they now hold the rod [of God.

Which will wipe out the thought and the being
Just here I would ask of the last of these twain,
Who ade the first planet, its mountains and main,
For science assures us that worlds rolled in space,
Before man existed to look on their face.

One thought is sufficient to calm these proud waves,
And lay these false claims in oblivion's graves,
Viz, Matter's the less and must yield to the nod
And be formed into worlds by the spirit called
God.

Lines to my Wife.

Time rolls its boisterous waves along
From human birth to human death,
As birds carol their plaintive song,
When of their little ones bereft,

So generations come and go
Each answering its grand design,
As trees of earth sway to and fro
Beneath the storms and winds of time.

Commotion reigns through all the earth,

There is no settled calm from strife
'Tis sad, if there's no higher birth

No happier, holier state of life.

And is it true that when we close

This boisterous scene of toil and care,
From conscious life we then break loose
Oblivion's endless night to share.

Oh, is it true that we whose souls

Are joined in love's divinest bands,
Shall, when a few more pains and toils
Mingle with Earth's unconscious sands,

That while eternal ages roll

We shall not each the other see,
My soul stands clad in funeral pall
At such a dread eternity,

Oh dreadful thought! Eternal Night,

Where naught but dark oblivion reigns;
No boundless day of heavenly light
To recompense for human pains.

Oh, can it be that wondrous man,

Blessed with intelligence and love,
By Nature's, or by God's great plan
Must fail to reach the worlds above?

Why all these groanings of the soul
To explore and live forever?

Why ask to grasp the eternal goal
Beyond death's cold, dark river.

These yearnings of the human soul
For higher and for holier spheres,
Are God's great arguments, I hold,
That man was made for endless years.

'Tis well that light has come at last
To toll the knell of these dark views
Raked up from the remotest past
From ages darker than the Jews;

'Tis better still that light has come
All radiant from the worlds above,
Assuring us a heavenly home
Where angels breathe God's purest love,

'Tis sweet to know this life is brief,
Made up of pain and toil and care.

That heaven will soon bring full relief
Where dear ones shall each other share.

Then let life's waves roll swiftly on,
We'll sooner reach the boundless sea,
And join the angels sweetest song
Whose echo swells eternity.

Final Triumph of Reason.

Oh glorious day, the theme of Jewish seers!

Of Rome and Greece,

The day of manly triumph

And of human peace.

The day when glittering swords

Shall in their scabbards rust

And men and nations

In each other trust.

In that glad day

Of universal light,

Reason shall be the guiding star

From morn till night,

That day shall a prelude be

To that glorious rest,

Which heaven alone

Can give the truly blest

Hail, morn of immortal light,

By prophets seen of old.

Thy streets, resplendent,

Paved with purest gold,

Thy gates of massive wealth

Of pearl and stone,

The emblematic spheres

Of our eternal home.

Haste, pilgrim of this earthly sphere
This world is not thy home.
The heavenly doors stand open wide
And angels bid you come.
There Reason, final arbiter,
Shall wake the soul to find
The central fount of wisdom
Of the supernal mind

Origin of Angels.

An Angel! What's an Angel?
And where do Angels dwell?
Stupenduous thought and question,
Let the Muses tell!

An Angel? Man's an Angel
While in the earthly clay;
An Angel ere he hails the light,
The light of earth born day.

These angels pass from earth away,
Each on *his* moral plane,
And oft return to earth again
In development the same.

If so, they'll speak the lie or truth
As when on earth they stood,
Unchanged are they in spirit birth,
In evil or in good.

46 ON CLOSING A LECTURE ENGAGEMENT.

And many a dark, benighted one
In the gloomy, lower spheres,
Are there deprived of heaven's light,
For many dismal years:

They seek their own affinities
In pride, and sin and shame,
And wallow in impurities
As here they loved the same.

Then *try* the spirits, when they come,—
The great Apostle said,—
Nor trust them sooner than before
They passed among the dead.

Try them their *errors* to reject,
The *false* to cast away,
Hold fast the *truth* with all respect,
It leads to endless day.

Lines on Closing a Lecture Engagement.

Rise! Rise! and rush for higher life!
Let every hour of life declare
By mental and by moral strife
You are breathing holier air.

Let every foot-print here below,
That marks your upward flight.

Point the next pilgrim as he goes

To day that knows no night.

So here I drop my final word—

To be recalled, no, never !

Save thou thyself by deed and word,

Then shalt thou rise forever.

In fields of science, truths of God,

O'er river, vale and mountain,

Our souls shall ever upward plod

Toward life's great, blissful fountain.

There life resplendent never ends,

And joys will spring eternal ;

A blest reunion with our friends

In realms of love supernal.

So when our earthly lamp goes out,

Across the glowing river

We'll meet again, I have no doubt,

Where all will shine forever,

The Promised Time is Coming.

The angel hosts now come to earth,

To teach us of their heavenly birth.

Refrain.

Rejoice! Rejoice! the angel hosts are coming!

Rejoice! Rejoice! the angel hosts shall reign!

America has caught the light,
And now emerges out of night?

Refrain.

Old England too is in a blaze,
While other nations stand amazed

Refrain.

All Europe now receives the fire,
'Tis spreading wide, 'tis rising higher!

Refrain.

The race of man now hails the dawn
Of this sublime, resplendent morn!

Refrain.

By angel light we wend our way
To the vast realms of endless day!

Refrain

They hover o'er us on the wing,
They now inspire our souls to sing

Refrain.

They come to bless our meeting here,
Our souls with inspiration cheer.

Refrain

There fields immortal, Eden's shore
Invites us on forevermore!

Refrain.

Man's Endless Progress.

In life beyond man shall forever stand
And stretch his gaze far o'er the heavenly land,
A land all glorious, all serene and fair,
Where God is seen in all, for God is everywhere.
All hail, immortal life! How grand, how fair!
All is eternal day, no night is there.
The universe eternal opens wide its door,
And bids the soul explore forevermore.
On pinions strong we then commence our flight,
Forever rising from the land of night,
Our powers unfolding as we ever rise,
To loftier views of truth, midst purer skies.
The lofty genius of the human mind
Asks broader fields, and higher truths to find.
Defies all walls to circumscrive its flight
As onward still it probes the realms of light,
It asks to demonstrate the fields of law,
And in the research moves with holy awe.
While to its Source, it bends the grateful knee,
It views the cycles of eternity,
Thousands of ages may have come and gone,
Yet this is still Eternity's bright morn,
All infants still. The rudimental bands
Of those, the purer souls in brighter lands.

Yet the broad goal before us open lies,
And wondrous visions ope before our eyes;
And holier inspirations wake the soul
To reach the portal of that far off goal.

Where higher wisdom rules angelic life
Beyond all discord and beyond all strife,
Yet these so wise, so pure, so God-like born,
Have only reached Eternity's bright morn.

Loud hallelujahs roll o'er heavens bright plain
As all commence the march of life again.
Hark! Hear the anthems from the pure and free,
As swell they will through all eternity.

The terraced mount we've reached! 'Tis all aglow!
We've marched with Science from the fields be-
We're all prepared to find a higher realm [low,
Where wiser angels hold the guiding helm.

Millions of ages all have ended here
And yet we're moving in our own bright sphere,
As young and fresh as though we just were born
Amid the rays of an eternal morn.

We've just commenced to live, just oped our eyes
On scenes all new in purer, holier skies.
The eternal sun has just begun to glow
Shedding his beams alike on all below.

And here again we hear our father's voice
Proclaim through nature, "Now my sons rejoice,
You've reached the road by higher angels trod.
That leads through wisdom, up to Nature's God."

The eternal voice still bids us higher rise
Midst passing cycles and in purer skies.
So upward still our souls shall ever plod
Nearer and nearer to the throne of God.

Lines Inspirationally Given.

The angels tell me God's a natural God,
Clothed with gross matter by a natural law.
Each co-existent in the eternal past,
The Alpha and Omega, the first and last,
The angels tell me man's a natural man;
In elements the image of his God.

The man's a spirit blessed with mind to plan,
And rules the body cast from earth'y sod.

The angels tell me God's great universe
In all its vast varieties of beauteous forms,
Was by great Nature's mighty laws produced,
No supernatural thing was ever born.

The angels tell me worlds are natural worlds,
Not made in miracle, by extra force or power
The spirit fills the vessel that it moulds,
Thus worlds are born, in ages not in hours.

52 LINES INSPIRATIONALLY GIVEN

The angels tell me world's are spirit orbs,

Clothed with gross matter for a space of time
But by progression will throw off these robes
And in their spirit garb forever shine.

The angels tell me when that time shall come
And our grand world roll in its spirit sphere,
It will be the sublime and heavenly home
Of all the millions it has brought forth here.

The angels tell me all God's other worlds
Are, or will then be, peopled like our own ;
And will, when they throw off their shadowy
robes,

Be centers, be our grand angelie homes.

The angels tell me each of these great worlds
Contain one local family of mankind,
While all of them join in one grand whole
As the one household of the great Divine.

Comets are children of the parent worlds,
Gamb'ling in space between revolving spheres ;
Growing in form and size for years to come,
Then they'll be rolling worlds as are their sires
And thus this Evolution must go on
Producing worlds, and all planes down to man
For Nature's laws repeat themselves of yore
And must in the great future or forevermore.

The angels tell me death is not a goal
Where man expires in body and in soul.
'Tis not a depot where man stops to weep
And then assumes an everlasting sleep.

The angels tell me death is all a myth,
There is no death in other worlds or this.
The universe is life! In part and whole,
Matter but shadow, God's the life and soul.

The angels tell me when this life is o'er
And we approach their glorious heavenly shore,
The golden doors will on their hinges swing
While they invite our earth born spirits in.

A grand reunion in domestic ties
We'll celebrate in yonder blissful skies,
While shouts of triumph make those mansions
In anthems loud, to our eternal King. [ring
And when this grand reunion shall be o'er
And each at home on the eternal shore,
We'll join by millions in battalions strong,
In dread assault uproot each earth born wrong.
Millions of mighty spirits now are here [sphere,
Spreading the light from their bright, radiant
They come in mediumistic brain and form,
And thus, the forts of superstition storm.

54 LINES INSPIRATIONALLY GIVEN.

Some speak through mediums, fully in a trance,
And thus the cause of freedom they advance. [ed
Some speak through mediums consciously inspir-
And thus the hearts of millions here are fired.

Some write through mediums while in passive
thought,

And so the truth to millions here is brought.

Some write through mediums in unconscious
trance,

And thus the cause of human rights advance.

Thousands of mediums thus held at their posts
Have no conception that the heavenly hosts
Are using them to break the glorious dawn
Of earth's fast coming, radiant, glorious morn.

And so the conflict rages on the earth
Between its powers and those of heavenly birth,
Earth's tyrants come with shackles for the race,
And angels come those shackles to displace.

The battle will be bloody, fierce and long,
With both combatants well entrenched and
strong.

One fights for office, ease and wealth of earth,
And one for freedom, and his heavenly birth.

Some aim to rule by fraud, and hold their fort
By leading on a wronged and blind cohort;

The other comes to spread angelic leaven [en-
And mould earth to the light and peace of heav-

One fights to give to tyrants wealth and power
And rob the laborer of inherent dower.

The other wars to undermine their throne
And give to every man an equal home.

The issue's broad as heaven and earth can make,
The war is pushed though every coward quake.
The tocsin sounded by the heavenly hosts.
Calls myriad warriors to their earthly posts.

Free-thought is spreading like the rising morn,
And all portends the rise of mighty storms.
Then when it comes let liberals meet the shock
And teach the foe our cause stands on a rock.

Truth is immortal though she waiteth long
To raise her shout of triumph and her song,
Yet she will come with angel shouts that ring,
And cause the world to blossom as the Spring.

The noble truths we utter here to-day,
Will live when our poor bodies mix with clay,
So let us sow them broadcast o'er the earth
As we go on to our immortal birth.

Then once again we'll raise the freedom shout
As parting from our bodies, we go out

56 TO FRIENDS AT PARKERSBURG.

So long and loud 'twill shake the Earth's green
[god.

Backed by the angel hosts and the Eternal God,
Now let us take each other by the hand,
And swear with freedom's hosts to ever stand,
Till heaven shall say to each, thy work is done,
And bid us welcome to our heavenly home.

Poem to Friends at Parkersburg.

Once more we here meet on your evergreen shore
As we met in the years that have gone on before;
And have sown the pure seed which the angels
have given [ens.

With fresh inspiration sent down from the heav-
These pure waters have strengthened our famish-
ing hearts

For the duties of life as asunder we part.
Made us strong in our mission and labor of love
As we pass through the earth-life to mansions
above.

May the seed sown spring up; and a harvest secure
Of thought, word and effort: sublime, grand and
And the day of eternity grandly proclaim [pure,
Our labors in Parkersburg were not in vain.

May a multitude grasp the pure, spiritual leaven
Who shall finally stand with the armies of heaven,

Pointing back to these spiritual meetings on earth
As the time when they started for angelic birth.

The time when they first saw this spiritual light
And felt their dark minds were enveloped in night,
When they fully resolved to know more of that
life [strife.

Where the angels now dwell beyond discord and

Oh, how happy we'll be when together we stand
In the angel's bright home, in the pure summer
land, [are o'er

Where cold winter's storms and death's tempest's
And the ills of the earth life shall reach us no
more!

Oh friends of the angels, whose mission is *here*,
Spread this heavenly light in this dark, earthly
sphere!

All sacrifice here which the cause now requires
Will but add to your joys in the heavenly
spheres.

Then rush to your work never heeding the scoff
Which attended the Nazarene while he was
here.

Face the conflict like men and prepare to be off,
For the day dawns, and lo, great Eternity's here.

“Well done!” the good angels will say as we come,
 “We welcome you in to our heavenly home.
 You have labored and given, to save man from sin,
 To our heavenly mansion’s we welcome you in.”
 Thence the broad fields of light *ad infinitum*
 rise

And invite you away to those bright purer skies,
 Where the fathers now banquet in wisdom and
 love, [above.]
 Ever passing the spheres of the bright worlds
 Ever rising we’ll pass through those bright purer
 spheres,
 As we number the cycles of unending years.
 Our souls all divested of hatred and fears
 As we echo the truth, all eternity’s ours.

Lines at funeral of a young lady.

A valued earthly friend of mine
 On this death’s dark river.
 Has drawn in fair poetic lines
 What angel friends could give her.

But I would drop a thought or two
 Back o’er the shining river;
 A thought of life when one with you,
 And of our great forever.

For twenty one long years on earth
I floated on time's river,
Then plied the oar for higher birth,
Where all shall live forever.

The race of life was swift and brief,
Made up of joy and sorrow;
Joy came to-day to give relief,
But sadness on the morrow.

Friend after friend beside me fell
Into the mystic river,
But here I find them all again,
Blooming in life forever.

All sadness now is past and gone,
It will return, no never !
For when I come to your green home
I pass no mystic river.

Our homes connect by law divine,
No power can ever sever ;
Eternal life and earthly time
Make up our great forever.

There is no stream dividing these,—
A great and boisterous river,—
We only fall asleep in death,
Then wake to life forever.

60 AT THE FUNERAL OF A YOUNG LADY.

So dear ones, weep no more for me,
I am round you night and morning,
And bring great thoughts of truth to thee
For your great soul's adorning.

And when your earthly toils are o'er,
You'll pass the mystic river
And hail me on the shining shore
Where all shall shine forever.

In holy union there we'll stand,
A household joined together,
In love's immortal endless bands,
Triumphantly forever.

Loud hallelujahs there we'll raise
To God the boundless giver,
While holy joys of purest lays
Shall crown our soul's forever.

Then through the bound less fields of space,
O'er mountain, vale and river,
We'll run progression's mighty race
Forever and forever.

Farewell the moment, dearest ones,
Though think me round you ever,
And shall be till I guide you home
Into our great forever.

Lines given on rising to lecture at Lime Rock, Iowa.

I rise at this altar, before you to-night,
To plead for the pure, the holy, the right;
May the truth, like the ancient baptism of fire,
Pierce each soul with a strength still uplifting
and higher.

The clarion trump of the angels of light,
Now echoes through earth in this dark earthly
night, [earth
The heavens now bend to our dark gloomy
To teach man the glories of angelic birth.
Irrespective of dogmas and creeds then arise
And listen to teaching which come from the skies!
Our kindred immortal in armies are here
To lift our great souls to the light of their sphere.
May our meeting together at this time and place
Leave resting on all here the smile of God's face
And the final result when eternity comes.
That an army of souls find the heavenly home.

Lines given at Abel Peterson's.

Again we have met on our dark earthly shore,
As we've met in the years which have gone on
before;

Made welcome for days in your beautiful home,
But *now* leave, to encounter whatever may come.

And night after night in your beautiful home
We have talked with the angels, who, happy to
come,

Have taught us of life on their beautiful shore,
The home of our kindred, the great evermore.

Well, we soon shall have crossed to that blessed
shore, [before,
And be numbered with those who have gone on
And with them will return to our dear ones on
earth,

And guide them safe over to angelic birth

If our parting to-day be our last one on earth,
We know we shall meet in heavenly birth,
Where the rich and poor as from earthlife they
come,

Shall equally share in a beautiful home,

Oh well shall it be, if it then shall appear,
The rich man has fed the poor Lazarus here,
So upward forever they ever may plod [God.
Reaching nearer and nearer the throne of our
As we leave you to-day, we bid you God speed,
In the great work of love, in humanity's need,

And when the great work of the earthlife is done
With our sheaves we will pass to our heavenly
home.

Then the broad fields of life *ad infinitum* rise
And invite us away to those bright, purer skies,
Where the Fathers now banquet in wisdom and
love [above.]

Ever passing the spheres of the bright worlds
In these vast fields of life we will ever go on,
In the great work of Progress eternally long.

Lines at the funeral of Ernest Case.

It is not death, for nothing dies,
It is only changing human spheres.
The man has passed to purer skies,
A pledge of life for endless years,
God's laws assume the ascending plane
In all the fields of science trod;
And hence the truth, "to die is gain—",
Is claimed to be the word of God.

To-day we hail this precious truth,
Confirmed by science, law and God.
And here give up this precious youth,
To walk the fields by angels trod.

To explore amid the boundless realms

Where God reveals his mighty power,
With wiser holier angel friends

Adding mental wealth to his great dower.

How sweet the truth to us made clear,

That we shall soon like him pass o'er,
To dwell with those we hold so dear
On that eternal happy shore.

Our meetings here will soon be past,

Life's river flows so fast apace,
But sure we are we'll meet at last

In an eternal fond embrace.

Then let life's waves roll swiftly on;

We'll sooner reach the boundless sea,
And join the angel's purest song

Whose echoes swell eternity.

Faith in God.

Let us have faith in God,

Whose plans can never fail.

He holds the mighty rod

That governs land and main.

And when the Father's mighty works

Shall all become complete,

Those human souls from other worlds

We shall not fail to greet,

Then through the boundless fields of life
We'll stray o'er that bright shore,
Where souls from all these worlds of light
Commune forevermore.

Great God, my soul on pinions rise
At such a glorious thought,
My vision sweeps the boundless skies
Where angels shall be taught.

To know the wisdom of our God,
The fields of boundless lore,
Beyond where angels yet have stood
In the great forevermore.

Then let the earth life waves roll on
With all their toils and tears
Till all our mission work is done
And we pass to endless years.

Final triumph.

This world's a scene of conflict, toil and strife,
The millions suffer more than they enjoy
Yet such is human destiny and life [annoy.
In this dark world where changing scenes
But angels tell us there's a brighter land [oer,
When earthly toils and pains, and griefs are
Where we shall join their pure angelic band,
And sin and pain and death shall reign no more.

66 LINES AT FUNERAL OF MRS. GREENLEAF.

So here I leave myself in angel hands

To meet life's conflicts as they gather here,
Till they shall bid me join their happy bands,
To chant the glories of their radiant sphere.

And then I hope to come again to earth,

Unless materialism shall close the door,
To teach the truths of our celestial birth,
As seen and known on the eternal shore.

And then beyond these narrow fields of thought

I hope to walk in boundless realms of life,
To conquests for which wiser angels fought,
Beyond all discord, and beyond all strife,
Then standing on the terraced mount of life,
We'll view our conquests in the realms below;
And then renew the mental, moral strife
As onward still to higher fields we go.

And here my great soul staggers at the view!

A destiny so great, sublime and grand.

And yet I know it is for me and you

And every great immortal soul of man,

Lines given at the funeral of Mrs. Greenleaf.

Yes, I've passed to the land where the prophets
have gone, [home.

Where the saints of all ages are making their

LINES AT FUNERAL OF MRS. GREENLEAF. 67

Its a land of great beauty, a land of great peace,
Where the joys of bright angels shall never-
more cease.

My earthlife was strewn with bright flowers and
sad tears, [fears.

With the brightest of hopes and the darkest of
'Twas a scene—oh, how chequered as years ever
rolled,

The half of its changes will never be told,

But it came as a school from my pure angel
guides [my side

Whom I both felt and saw, as they walked by
Oh how oft amid both my joys and my fears
They showed me the land, where they never shed
tears.

Oh then how I rose by the might of their power
Oh I felt that a month was as short as an hour!
I could triumph o'er obstacles dark as the grave
For I felt that the angels had power to save.

Oh, how much I still owe to those dear angel ones
May they still guide my husband, my daughters
and sons,

And when their sad toils of the earthlife are o'er
We'll meet and embrace on the heavenly shore.

But while death, s dark veil shall our spirits divide
Each day I will eome and will stand by your side
As a ministering spirit I'll labor to save
My dear ones of earth from pollution's dark wave.

Oh may the good angels help me by their power
To save my mere babes from error's dark hour,
That in earth they may come to be holy and wise
And reach a bright home in our heaven's pure
skies.

Farewell for the moment, to neighbors and all,
And accept this to-day as my earliest call
To each, from the land to which I've gone oe'r,
And prepare by right living to come to our shore.

Now take my poor body, putrid and sore,
And lay it to rest in the great nevermore,
But remember I've risen from the dark house of
To chant in the morn of eternity's day. [clay,

Lines written in an album.

Long years have passed since first we met as
friends, [ship ends.
And long eternity shall pass before that friend-
These years have brought to each of us its sun-
shine and its shade,
And angel friends have ever watched the pro-
gress we have made.

And still they're round about us, on this restless
 sea of strife, [life,
 Inspiring each of us to live, our purest, holiest
 Oh let us ever bear in mind this life is short and
 brief, [or its grief,
 It matters little which it brings, its pleasures or
 But there's a life immortal awaits us in the skies ;
 A life where sorrow never comes and pleasure
 never dies,

A land of beauty, love and joy, no tongue can
 tell how fair, [meet you there !
 Then live for that angelie home ! Go on, I'll

Lines given by Rev Abel Warren.

The angels, bright angels are ever around us,
 They come from the home of the pure and the
 good, [spire us,
 They come here to guide us, they come to in-
 And feed our dark minds with pure angelic
 food, [their God.
 And teach our great souls how to worship
 They are here, they surround us, this glad
 peaceful mornin, [know night,
 Just come from the land that shall never
 And the rainbow of peace there forever adorning,

Inspire love and joy through those vast realms
of light, [pure white.
Where the angels, our kindred, stand robed in
They worship with us the same great mighty
Father, [vale
Whose balance weighs both the mountain and
Whose great law formed the solids and ether,
Whose power calms the ocean in tempest and
gale [and turn pale.
When the bronzed face of sailors grow cold
They labor with us for the world's reformation,
To guide men to knowledge to virtue and love,
And thus bless our race, with preventive salva-
tion,
Adapting us here to the bright worlds above,
Where each may be pure as the innocent dove.
They teach not a righteousness founded in faith,
Or a pardon secured by the shedding of blood,
Or that heaven is obtained by God's boundless
grace, [hood
They tell us man's saved by unfolding self-
And by works here on earth which all heav-
en calls good.

Then let our souls rise with transport to greet
them.

And rush to our duties as angels on earth.
For so shall our souls be prepared as they go,
when [earth

We pass from the toils and the conflicts of
To the glories and triumph of angelic birth.

God's living gospel.

It is not a truth infirm and old,
Born in a former, darker age,
But truth that's new, alive and bold
Written on life's unfolding page.

God's gospel is a living truth
Adapted to the present hour,
That meets the wants of age and youth
With inspiration's mighty power.

A chain of truth from heaven let down
By angel ministry and love,
Ascending it we gain the crown
That angels wear in worlds above,

God's gospel strikes at every wrong,
In every age and every clime,
Nerved with angelic power, it's strong,
And triumphs in its own good time.

72 LINES AT THE FUNERAL OF WIRT CASE.

Does wealth oppress the laboring poor,
And grind the masses in the dust?
And tyrants close each open door
To which the laborer looks and trusts?
God's gospel cries to such, beware,
You're heaping coals upon your head,
You'll meet eternal justice there,
Beyond the grave where sleep the dead.
Then cultivate a life all pure,
Free from oppression's cruel rod
And an eternal peace make sure
With smiles from the eternal God.
Then through the boundless fields of light
Where wisdom holds the guiding rod,
We'll take our upward endless flight
In the vast realms of nature's God.

Lines at the funeral of Wirt Case.

A few months since we gathered here
To drop the sympathizing tear
With these dear friends, whose son had gone
To hail eternity's bright morn,
Then he whose death now calls us here
Joined with the rest to drop the tear
Fresh flowing from a wounded heart,
When death did these two brothers part.

Again your pleasant city bell
Will sound the solemn funeral knell
For one that's left the toils of earth
For the glad rest of spirit birth.

Two brothers in life's early morn
Have passed from earth's cold winter's storm,
And joined where vessels never strand
The shore of the bright summer land.

They've joined another of their band,
Who years ago left this sad land
A tender babe; all sweet and fair—
Yes, they have found the lost one there!

Think you that they've forgot the earth
Or those that gave them human birth?
Will they forget their brothers dear?
The two now left that linger here?
Another yet, how dear no tongue can tell,
To whom he said his *earthly* last-farewell?

Nay, love and memory will unite
And draw them back from morn to night,
As ministering spirits ever come
Till these pass o'er to their bright home.

And then in brighter; holier skies
They'll celebrate domestic ties.

74 **LINES GIVEN BY WIRT CASE.**

In bonds so strong they will not sever
Through vast eternity. No, never!

And here my great soul staggers at the view,
 A destiny so great sublime and grand,
And yet I know it is for me and you
 And every great immortal soul of man.

Well, I am *now* so near the eternal shore
'Tis probable I may not meet you more.
If not, my way to heaven seems clear and fair,
Go on, go on, I'm sure we'll all meet there.

Then through the boundless fields of space,
O'er mountain, vale and river,
We'll run progression's mighty race
Forever and forever.

Lines given by Wirt Case.

Say to thy saddened soul be strong,

 Life there is a rapid river,
The race on earth will not be long,
 Then we'll embrace forever.

And while you shall remain on earth,

 I will not leave you friendless
But every day shall claim you mine
 Till we meet where joys are endless.

In all your earthly toils and grief

 Oh, feel that I'm beside you,

To lift you up and bring relief
As only angels can do.

My mission will be back to earth
Where I have left my idol,
More than the spheres of spirit birth
Till you shall reach our heavenly goal.

It will be heaven to stay with you
And share your grief and pleasure,
It would be hell to say adieu,
And meet no more forever,

Oh, idol of my manly heart,
-Be strong, and pure, and good, and wise,
Then when we meet we'll never part
In brighter, purer, holier skies.

My home is beautiful and fair
My heaven complete if you were there
God's plan is best, 'tis all divine
Propelling earth and heaven and time.

Lines given extempore.

Oh weep not so, my darling, this bright morn
My arms around you 'mid this dreadful storm,
Oh, that you felt my spirit power and life,
And feel, as now I feel, thou art my wife.
And yonder on the Alpine hills of light,
In an eternal day, "there is no night."

Yes, there in life eternal, endless time
I'll grasp thy slender form, thou wilt be mine.
Be calm and peaceful as a summer morn,
Let life flow on with all its toils and care
And when the toils and cares of earth are gone,
At death's dark door, be sure I'll meet you there,

Lines to P. P. Warren when dangerously sick.

Say to thy saddened soul, be strong,
Eternal life's before thee,
The race on earth will not be long,
And heaven will soon restore thee,
To sound immortal endless life,
Where pain shall never enter,
To boundless scenes of spirit wealth
Where joys supreme shall centre.
Doubt not, the wife of other years,
That's passed across the river,
Now oft comes back to calm thy fears,
From her home, the great forever.
And when your earthly pains are o'er
She'll meet you at the river,
And guide the boat with skillful oar
Safe to cur great forever.

There in perpetual health and youth,
Where death can never sever,
You'll rise in purity and truth
Forever and forever.

Oh, happy day, when kindred dear
Shall meet to part no more,
In that bright land so fair and clear
On heaven's resplendent shore.

O'er endless fields of science, and of God.
Our souls shall gather wisdom, love and truth
And upward still our souls shall ever plod,
Amid the scenes of beauty and of youth.

When untold ages all have sped their flight
And our great souls o'er numerous worlds
have trod,
We're still among the morning rays of light,
Whose noonday sun is our eternal God,
Our pole star through eternity's great day
So all our wiser, holier angels say.

The Changes of Earth.

This world is one vast scene of change,
Man's up's and down's are everywhere.

78 THE CHANGES OF EARTH.

It spreads all o'er earth's broadest range
Involving man in toil and care.

No clime possesses all that's good,
No age of man is free from care.
Yet every clime provides its food
As proof of the All Father's care.

Our brightest prospects oft we blast,
The objects of our love remove,
'Tis well perhaps, if but at last
We reach a better home above.

If in the midst of this vast change
We learn the lesson all divine,
That there's a life of broader range.

Adapted to the human mind

Where all these blasted, earthly hopes
Which so oppressed the spirit here
Shall rise in higher, broader scope,
In heaven's resplendent, purer sphere.

There Alps on Alps eternal rise

With mines of sacred lore.

Before our glad and wondering eyes,
While our great hearts adore.

The God, whose wisdom formed the plan
Of the great Universe,

And at the head placed wondrous man,
To run an endless race.

Unfolding his great Godlike powers
While endless ages roll,
With angels of immortal dowers
Great, mighty human souls.

Angelie attachments.

Our parents home was dark and poor on earth,
And constant labor pressed the sire and son.
There sixteen souls found an immortal birth,
Have run their race and all but three are gone.

How rough that home made up of rocks and hills,
And yet how sweet the music of the rills,
Our souls still linger in that wild retreat,
Which then was trod by our bare, youthful feet.

How sacred still that rough secluded place
Where each of us commenced our endless race!
Oh, yes we love that grand old sacred spot
Which by us each shall never be forgot.

Oh, sacred soil, now trod by stranger feet
Though we your vales and hills shall never greet,
Still you are sacred as the lone retreat,
The silent home where many loved ones sleep.
No! Not the loved ones, but the house of earth—
The loved ones reached a pure immortal birth—

80 VISION OF OUR ANGELIC MISSION WORK.

And though their bodies sleep so far away,
They're in our homes, and round us day by day.

And soon we'll rise and leave the house of clay
To sleep beneath the brilliant prarie flowers,
Our home shall be in bright eternal day,

Which shall unfold our great immortal powers
We'll bathe our souls in life's unbounded sea,
The aromal breath of God, the Deity.
As upward still our souls shall ever plod
Nearer and neaerr to the throne of God.

Now may good angels watch and ever keep
Us all from harm both when we wake and sleep,
Till all our toils on this sad earth are o'er,
And we pass upward to the eternal shore.

Vision of our angelic mission work and its final triumph.

A glorious light shines all around
Amid the darkest gloom profound,
'Tis showered by angels from above
Fresh from the fountain head of love.

The darkness comprehends it not,
'Tis so profound! How sad the lot,
Yet angels pity the forlorn,
And come to break this glorious morn.

VISION OF OUR ANGELIC MISSION WORK. 81

The light of this resplendent day
Will chase the darkness all away,
And break man's theologic chains
And lift him up to higher planes

Of light, and love, and freedom's dower,
And clothe his soul with heavenly power
To do his mission work on earth
Ere he ascends to higher birth.

Oh that this glorious heavenly light
May spread through all these realms of night,
Till man through every vale and coast
Redeemed! shall join the heavenly host.

And then with those who've gone before
To that immortal, blissful shore,
We'll celebrate domestic ties
Where love and friendship never dies.

And then in fields of boundless lore
Our souls shall evermore explore
Realms, which no angels yet have trod,
So near the burning throne of God,

And yet eternities shall roll
With God, the pole-star of the soul.
Oh, angels spread the truth-like leaven,
Naught else can make an angel's heaven.

God seen and known by his works.

O, wondrous knowledge deep and high
That laid the glorious plan
Which evolution demonstrates
In reaching up to man.

And still more wondrous is the scheme
While opened wide the door
Through which all human souls must pass
To their bright, angelic shore.

Yet stupid mortals, darkened minds
Straying o'er these dark shores
Tell us in all this scheme they find
Nothing but a blind force.

The universe connects by laws divine
Its numerous wondrous planes
Like clock-work counting the hours of time
Eternally the same.

Millions of worlds in grand array
Controlled by laws divine,
Have counted billions of years away
Without gain, or loss of time.

How wise that mind—how vast that power,
Holding worlds in their own place,

As noiselessly from hour to hour
They run their endless race

O, God, my great soul bows before
Thy universal shrine,
With all my power, I do adore
Thy majesty divine.

I feel a law within my soul
That binds me to thy throne,
Thou art my pole star and my all,
O guide, oh, guide me home!

'Tis true I cannot see thee here,
Nor shall I see thee there;
But I read thee in the world's career
And hear thee in the thunder's roar.

I know that he who made great, rolling worlds
Is greater than those worlds can be,
And though his greatness is not told,
I feel those worlds were made for me,
I cannot see my *real* form,
And yet I know *I am*
I never saw the crawling worm,
Neither my fellow man.
But I have seen the dark, gross tent,
In which we live and move,

The gross to make us here content
Till we leave for worlds above,
And there in worlds of beauty and of light
My *real* self I shall never see
For all shall have a body pure and white,
Our outer house, to all Eternity,
It is not strange perhaps, that the dark mind
Which only believes what it can see
Should laugh at our great view of human kind
And ridicule the eternal Deity
But I am struck with wonder and surprise,
That we, who are taught by angel friends,
Should doubt that God rules both in earth and
We cannot see him; Infidel pretense. [skies
When materialism says you are a jack or frog
You feel indignant at the shameful blow,
But when they jeer and ridicule the God,
On wings of joy you rise, they're black below
Go like a man, and tell the world you doubt
If man's immortal: since you see him not.
Or join with us the materialist to rot
And leave his views with all that's false, to rot
In man, we only see the outer form of earth
And this we know will soon return to dust,

While still the *man*, will reach the higher birth
With all his powers of mental, moral worth.

'Tis not from sight, but from his mighty powers
We grasp the thought of immortality,
Again his mighty works stand out as towers
To stamp him with his own Divinity.

And so of God, we claim him not from sight,
But from his wondrous works and mighty
Beheld in mighty rolling worlds of light [power
Which blaze and whirl through space fore-
ermore.

Prayer.

God of love, and god of power,
Hear us in this sacred hour,
Send thy promised blessing down,
With thy love our spirits crown.

We are traveling home through earth
To the realms of higher birth,
There with angels on the wing
We'll thy name and praises sing,
While we shall remain below
Teach us each thy truth to know
Ever ready with our hand
To bless our suffering fellow man.

We would each be good and wise
Ready for those purer skies
Where the fathers dwell in love
In those brighter worlds above.

Help us each to feel and know
We shall reap just as we sow
God's justice must decide our case
As we have run our earthly race.

Effect and cause.

We are asked the question is existence real,

Or fancy's dark deceptive show?

Are human acts and life ideal

Imagination's vivid glow?

If the apparent universe is not,

But only seems to us to be;

Then man in form and size is naught,

There is no *you*. There is no *me*.

If I am *not*, how can I write,

With pencil held within my hand?

Or how discern what's black or white,

Or feel I move on solid land?

You only think you sit and write,

Think pencil, think your hand!

In fact there is no black, no white,

No ground whereon you stand.

Well then, I ask what is it thinks,
For thought must have its laws ;
Full well we know there is a link
Between effect and cause.

Yes, but you only think you think
And do not really think at all !

Still there must be a cause, to think
Or there could be no thought at all,

No matter how far you go back
There's still a connecting link,
To think implies a real act,
And something must impel to think.

Effects are all that we can reach
That we can surely know.

A law we then deduce from each,
A cause for each act show

The cause is greater than b'ind force.
Vast worlds are proof of this.

Intelligence directs their course
And holds each in its place.

We cannot comprehend the cause.
His attributes are all divine :

But we may study well his laws
As our powers unfold with time.

Millions of these great worlds connect

By bonds unseen by human eyes

Yet float in systems all erect

Through all the universal skies.

Like clock-work, every wheel in place,

To measure days and hours of time,

These worlds roll noiselessly through space

Controlled by love and power divine.

Yet mortal man, dark human souls

Look up but read no wisdom here,

And onward crawl like eyeless moles,

In their dark, earthly spnere

They view themselves a lump of clay

Made up in beauteous form,

Which at death's touch will fade away

Into a night without a morn.

Again they'll roll around the wheel,

That it is evolution's plan,

Then come again from the evolution,

To reach the beauteous plane of man.

And thus they'll evolutionize

Eternal days and years away ;

Sometimes they live, sometimes they die,

But never, never come to stay.

'Tis strange that evolution's force
Should cease on reaching man,
And then reverse its former course,
Changing Nature's final plan.

It's strange to me that this great law
Reaching man should make a halt,
Then like a lobster downward crawl
Turning endless summer-saults.

If this is man's supreme estate—
The destiny of ape or frog—
Eternity can ne'er relate
A work worthy of Nature's God.

If man's immortal, I can see
An object worthy, wise and good,
For he'll explore the boundless sea
Of wisdom there revealed by God.

That man's immortal all can demonstrate,
Pure souls come back from their bright sphere,
They tell us of a boundless, pure estate
Which every soul from God inherits.

Great fields of science, law and God
Where our great souls shall endlessly unfold,
As upward still our feet shall ever plod,
Reaching for life's most grand, excelsior goal.

When endless ages here have sped their rounds,
They point us to great towering mounts in sight,
Where whirling, blazing suns will ne'er go down,
For all with God's eternal smile is light.

Immortal man.

Man lives to walk forever,
The fields of life on high;
And analyze the ether,
The ocean, earth and sky;
Lives to ascend I'se's river
As upward still we'll plod,
And demonstrate forever
The wisdom of our God.

The unbounded fields of spirit lore
Spread out before his eyes,
Where wiser souls have gone before
Exploring through the skies.
Then up, my soul, on higher mount
With joy thy feet shall stand;
In great eternity's account
You sure must take a hand.

Millions of years from this sad morn
Where clouds and sorrow reign,
You'll stand among the earth's first-born
Immortal to remain.

And while eternal ages roll
In wisdom still shall rise,
As God's pure love shall feast the soul
In higher, holier skies.

In angel robes, all pure and white,
With towering angels stand,
And still look up and ever ask
As now, "oh, what is man."
I seem to hear the Infinite,
Who holds the sovereign rod,
Say to the asking human heart,
"Man's an incarnate God."

Sayings of a dying child.*

Dear mamma see these lovely forms,
The vision thrills my heart,
They call me to their seraph home,
So you and I must part.

Cousin Laura is among those forms,
All dressed in purest white,
They've passed the land of wind and storms,
Gone where they have no night.

Just see my little cousin dear
In her bright spirit home,

* Sayings of a dying child, Ella Anderson, thrown into verse by Rev. Asa Warren, at the close of preaching her funeral discourse, May 5, 1872, Waterloo Iowa.

She's looking down with words of cheer,
And beck'ning me to come.

Now, mamma bring my little dress,
My prettiest—white with blue—
And put it on as you think best,
And let your Ella go.

To join with Laura in her sphere;
Then we will come and go,
To visit you while you stay here,
These angels tell me so.

Now, mamma, do not weep for me
While waiting here below,
For Ella can come to visit thee—
These angels tell me so,

And mamma when your locks are gray
And your bright eyes grow dim,
Then you will hear the music play
From heaven's pure seraphim,

When you're about to leave the clay,
Just ready then to go,
We'll come to guide you on the way
These angels tell me so,

And on the plains of endless life
Together we'll all go,

Devoid of pain of death and strife,
These angels tell me so.

Now, bear this casket to the grave;
Let the beauteous body go,
The jewel's reached the angel birth—
This hour we know 'tis so.

Poem delivered extempore at the funeral of M. Clark.

Our brother has gone to the pure realms of light,
Where the sun ne'er goes down; All's infinite;
As the polar star ever shines in that home,
He'll ascend by progress an eternal flight.

How delightful to know that each of our race
Have run and are running an unending race,
Where fields open wide with fair play for the soul
As they're pressing their way to the infinite goal.

But a few rolling years will pass swift away,
And anchor our ships in that peaceful bay,
Whose radiant waves lash our earthly shore,
Then we'll join our dear brother in the great
evermore.

Then like the good spirits who are with us here
We'll come to our dear ones we've left in this

Inspire them to work for humanity's rise [sphere
Till earth's race shall be pure as heavens pure
skies.

Then with heaven's battallions we'll join to
In infinite fields of the great evermore, [explore
Where myriads of worlds roll in grandeur sul-
Never losing or gaining a second of time. [lime
Like clock work they roll in regions of space,
Like man they are running an infinite race.
While the right hand of God holds orbs in their
spheres, [years.

They'll pass on for millions, aye, unnumbered
Some tell us that worlds as in ether they roll,
With great plastic bodies, with spirit or soul,
Though daily and nightly they ever advance,
Were brought into being by the simplest chance.

Others tell us that worlds as they roll in their
sphere,

Were made and governed by angels once here,
That in triumphant wisdom they hold the rod,
That will wipe out the thought and being of God,

Just here I would ask of the last of these twain,
Who made the first planet, its mountain and
main.

For science assures us that worlds rolled in space,
Before man existed to look on its face.

One thought is sufficient to calm these proud
waves,

And lay these false claims in oblivion's grave—
Matter's the less and must yield to the rod,
And be formed into worlds by the spirit called
God.

Sweet hour of prayer. [Selected.]

Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,
That calls me from a world of care,
And bids me at my heavenly home,
Make all my wants and wishes known,
In seasons of distress and grief
My soul has often found relief,
And oft escaped the tempter's snare
By thy return, sweet hour of prayer.

Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,
Thy wings shall my petition bear
To those whose truth and truthfulness
Engage the waiting soul to bless,
And since they bid me seek their face,
Believe their word and trust their grace,
I'll cast on them my every care.
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer,





The
Inspirational Poems

OF
Mrs. C. L. Warren,



THE PUBLISHERS herewith present the reader
with a few of the many Inspirational poems of
Mrs. C. L. Warren, believing them worthy a
place along-side those of her gifted husband.

HOPE.

Hope through life has been my star,

Cheering me in undertone,

Cheering as if angels prompted,

Life is better farther on.

I've heard as now a kind voice speaking

Softly in an undertone,

Speaking as loved ones departed

Life will be brighter farther on.

Night and day, I seem to hear it,

Hear it when I sigh and groan,

Speaks so lowly, yet I feel it,

Life must be better, farther on.

Thinking of the grave, hope whispers

Cheering when the heart would moan,

Speaks it when the shadows darken,

Life will be smoother farther on,

Farther on, oh, how much farther—

Count each mile-stone, one by one,

Not as counting, only trusting,

Life may be brighter farther on.

Yet in trusting must be prompted
By the loved of spirit home.
To cheerfully arise and meet them
In my pathway farther on.

Inspiration.

A voice seems speaking, kindly speaking,
Softly in an undertone,
Listen, lone one, I am coming,
To meet and guide you safely on.

We are coming ever coming,
Some are near you night and day,
Come to cheer and buoy you upward,
Safely through life's rugged way,

Think not of the grave our loved one,
They are not there you loved so well,
They have outrode life's troubled waters
Of unbounded joys they each could tell.

Where the immortal hosts have led them,
There with kindred joined in throng,
List, they're singing, sweetly singing,
As they pass in progress farther on.

Your aged companion oft is near you.
Youthful, joyous, buoyant, free,
Banish all that can bring sadness,
Or mar your joy, for he is free.

Listen, then, loved ones, we're coming;

All in health and strength are free,

They no more have grief or sadness,

Only as your griefs they see.

List, we're coming, ever coming,

Songsters of the heavenly sphere,

Mourn not them, your friends are near you,

Some are coming, some are here.

An Inspirational appeal.

Dear ones of the earth life, draw near, angels call;

Fear not to join hands with them here,

The loved ones, your kindred await near you all,

And would guide to our beautiful sphere.

Say not you have wandered far from the right,

Have groped on in error and wrong,

And dare not look upward to angels of light,

Nor join in the soul-cheering song.

Weak ones, arise, and take the hand given

Of the loved that have passed from your view

Awake now, arise, and hear the glad call,

The angels are speaking to you.

Take courage, ye sad ones, and take the hand

Make pledges to ever be true, [given,

And follow the light that will lead you to heaven,

Your kindred are beck'ning to you.

Press onward; ne'er look to the past with regret,
Your soul's needed all for the gain,
But study life's lessons and never forget
That joy is the blossom of pain.

There's many a wide, sandy desert on earth,
Where flowers were never in bloom,
And many a cavern so dark and so drear,
That the sun never lighted the gloom,
Yet we know that a change will sweep over those
That ages will quicken their powers, [sands,
And yielding at length to Nature's fair hands,
The wild waste will blossom with flowers.

And the cavern's dark bosom so rock bound and
strong,
By the lightning's quick flash may be riven,
Its silence and darkness re echo with song,
As it catches the sun light of heaven.

Take courage, then, frail ones, look up, angels call,
Fear not to join hands with them here,
Your soul loving friends oft wait near you all,
And will guide to their angelic sphere.

Where you can press onward in pure robes of
As unnumbered ages may roll, [light,
Forever expanding in progressive flight,
In the beautiful land of the soul.

Be cheerfully progressing though earth cares op-
And many your burdens to bear, [press,
Your good angel friends oft stoop to caress,
Your sorrows they tenderly share.

They have only passed onward a little before
In advance have reached their bright goal,
Your good earthly deeds will insure you a rest,
In the beautiful land of the soul.

Consolation.

You would have me come this beautiful day,
And whisper some cheering words into your ear
I will, my loved one, do best the that I may,
Under broken conditions, will try you to cheer

Six months since I parted with my wornout frail
body, [morn,
Just half a year, my darling, this bright sunny
Earth sphere is a symbol of our lovely garden,
With us there, no storm clouds nor sad weeks
as here.

And I now give thanks to God the great giver,
That I am released from the burden of clay,
And all of earth's trials that might follow after,
I'm freed from them all and am happy to-day.

When I passed from the earth form my loved
friends did know, [here,

From my weak condition and long suffering
That strength must come slowly as it slowly did
I needed the rest in the angels pure sphere. [go,

They tenderly took me to the home of my friends
Yea, bore me in arms to their bright soul-lit
shore,

There with loving embraces they did me attend
In the home of my parents in this great ever-
more.

Where with sisters and brothers and children so
dear.

And an early companion, yea, all joined me here
Triumphantly happy to meet me once more [o'er
Where there's no more parting, our sorrows all
They considered it wiser to have me rest here,
Awhile with the loved of this genial sphere,
To rest with the loved, my strength to renew,
Ere they cautiously took me to earth home and
you.

'Twas thirty-six hours passed ere I awoke to
know, [me so,
And came into a conscious state, my friends tell

My mental exhausted from long suffering and
pain

Of the poor weary body—to die was my gain.

I was happily jubilant, had no thought or care
Had not even a thought how the body might fare
'Twas well; when I came 'twas buried from sight
But I found you, my darling, in grief's darkest
night.

We strove hard to comfort, build up and make
brave, [the wave,

But your weak, sick body could not stand 'gainst
Your mind just as weak as your body, could see
Only years of long-suffering, and sorrow for me

You would retrace my sufferings, you were sore
distressed,

My years of soul anguish, of toil and unrest,
Yet I lingered near you, unable to cheer, [drear
Or make known my presence—your soul grief so

As I could not comfort by coming to you,
Our spirit friends counciled what's next best to do
I yielded to their wishes like a babe in a cradle,
And they calmed all my fears as best they were
able.

Now we come to you, darling, your earth kindred and mine, [clime,

Who are all joined in love bands in this genial Encouraging you onward, as ere long you'll be Mid earth freed souls who've crossed the dark sea

Your earthly companion long dwelt in this clime With parents and children of many years time. Yea, sisters and brothers of your early years, You'll meet all in love ties in this genial sphere.

Now, since we can meet this side of death's river Rejoice and give thanks to God, our great Father That we united in earth life many long years, Though parted by death's chilling hand,

Will again be united in love ties when here, In this beautiful land so free from all discord, Where joys are unending and no hopes blighted Yea, a grand reunion we'll have in this sphere.

Hallelujah! Sing praises to God, all as one, Let heaven and earth re-echo the song, The weak ones are risen, the lost here are found All souls are united, with love light they're crowned

Triumphantly shout, God's ways are divine, His laws are unfolding, all science sublime,

Yea, science God's mouth-piece, doth to all
declare

Our progress unending in this genial sphere.

Praises to God, my great soul his wisdom adores
As I view our vast home on these infinite shores
Where with myriads we're joined in harmonious
Giving praise to God as we journey along. [song

Now seek you wise counsel, live a life all divine
As you journey on through the rough seas of time
Discharging each duty as an angel of love,
That you may rank high in bright planes above,

Where together we'll journey with triumph and
In vast planes of progress eternally long. [song
Well knowing we'll reap in eternity here
The harvest we've sown in the earthly sphere.

Lines at a funeral of a young lady.

Thrice happy is each spirit that's early bereft

Of its burden of clay and of cares without number
The blessings of earth life give little of peace [ber

Death's angels alone dashed the sad cup asunder
Each spirit unfledged has soared to our heaven

And in purity's progress ascended our plane,
And unto each beautiful seraph 'tis given
To drink from the fountain of love o'er again.

This broad earth is covered with joys and with
sorrows, [woe

'Tis scattered with poverty, want and with
The night of death brings groans of the dying,

But the morn of the Summer land's all aglow
Before the freed spirit, and to it is given

The hand of a guardian that ever is near, [ven
They're always attending, bright angels from hea-

To lead from the earth to our beautiful sphere
Where they are again joined with the loved and
long parted, [more

And meet each true heart in affection once
Where none of the soul's aspirations are thwarted

Death's angel has led them to our shining shore
The land of long promise, the home of the weary

Where passes each spirit from earth life of woe
Where hopes have been blighted and earth life
is dreary, [aglow

Death's angels released them, their souls all
The portals of death, Oh wreath ye with flowers

By each grave sing ye songs of triumph not
woe

Each exulting, freed spirit in celestial bowers
Are weaving fresh garlands for loved ones below

Oh, yes, and they're gathering truth's gems
from the fountain, [hearts
And oft will impress them on your loving
They'll teach you companions, parents and
children

Must meet in the Summer Land, never to part
Then meet all and often, there's no death before
you,

But only a transit to heaven's bright sphere,
Your angel friends ever about and around you,
They'll give you great comfort and impress
words of cheer, [with flowers

Then wreath ye, oh wreath ye death's portals
Let joy take the place of affliction and woe,
Let love-light adorn each earth brow, for the
hours [know.

Must swiftly glide by till ye meet them, we
Now, we'll pass to our bright sphere, and
To beautiful regions of light [ascending
We'll leave you bright angels attending
You ever in your progressive flight.

God everywhere.

Each beauteous flower displays its hue,
And each green leaf presents to view

The power of God in flowers so fine.
His love breaks forth; when all sublime
We read in flowers the love of God,
In every leaf there is a word
That speaks to us of God's great love.

The lovely roses pure and fair,
Are emblems of God's holy care,
Which should to us through Nature teach
That we from all that's wrong may stretch
Our longing gaze, to worlds on high,
Where naught of sin, or e'en a sigh,
Could mar our joys, but we should be
As angels blest, like seraphs free

From all that is of low device
To lead our minds from holy peace,
Be pure and spotless, without sin,
To dwell with God, the Father, in
Eternity above.

Thus in all Nature we can see great truths
Which should large volumes be
To man, if he would only read aright
The works of God, in Nature bright,
He'd see in every leaf and flower,
Mementoes of God's love and power,

They're records all, earth, sea and air,
Of God's great presence everywhere.

E'en from the simple blade of grass,
O'er which most minds unheeding pass,
Up to the rose or beauteous flower,
Each, all, proclaim with love yet power,
To minds that list to voices here,
A God is dwelling in our sphere ;
His inspiration opes our eyes,
Flowers are the language of the skies.

In Nature's unfoldings we do see
Each shrub, each plant, each lake and tree,
Through every form on earth 'tis given
To thread from lowest depths to heaven,
From grain of sand to circling sphere,
Each, all, proclaim a God is here,
We're records all, earths, spheres and air
Of God's great presence everywhere.

A God in everything we see
His presence in the towering tree,
With arms outstretched they all proclaim,
This truth, that God in them doth reign,
Each woodland plant and shrub on earth,
Bears record of the higher birth,

114. GOD EVERYWHERE.

And each in solemn voice declare
That God is present everywhere.

Thus we can trace all Nature through,
Each streamlet in its windings through
Each glade and dell and lonely way,
Gathering strength, they never stray,
But rippling, singing Nature's song,
We now are weak, yet we'll be strong,—
Blending with many rills we'll stand,
With united force in rivers grand.

These mighty rivers in their winding way,
That naught in power of man can stay,
Doth roll along with strength and power,
Increase in bulk with every hour,
Great throes and cataracts thrill,
The soul of man. Each little stream their void
Until to ocean's mouth they come, [will fill],
They empty there, they are as one,
Though of lakes, streams and rivers be,
They're one grand body of the sea.

That in their elements combine
To proclaim this truth, grand and sublime,
That mind of mortal man must thrill,
For none can calm, saying. Peace be still.

Its tumults not by love nor force,
Can be assuaged. But oh, rejoice!
God calms the tempest of the sea,
By law, as he builds worlds.

Glance o'er the ocean's bosom wide,
To vales and plains and mountain side,
With immortal vision we can see,
As soaring high, extending far,
Yet in all Nature there's no jar;
E'en here connecting links we find—
E'en links that ocean's depths doth bind
To mountain top, where we do see
The mineral, pearl and coral tree,
That under ground and ocean's vein
Doth form in Nature's link a chain,
That all by hidden gems may see
The wondrous power of Deity.

This wondrous globe on which you stand
As held by law in God's right hand,
With unnumbered orbs sublimely fair,
As myriads of lights and signs declare,
Seen hanging in extended space
As if a firmament to grace,
With celestial orbs encircling all,
As ours surround this earthly ball.

Each one a light to others are,
As the sun's rays to this earthly sphere,
Each one in their own orbit roll,
As their own circle from pole to pole,
Each, all as destined in their course,
Yet all are one grand universe,
That God encircles with his power
And fills immensity.



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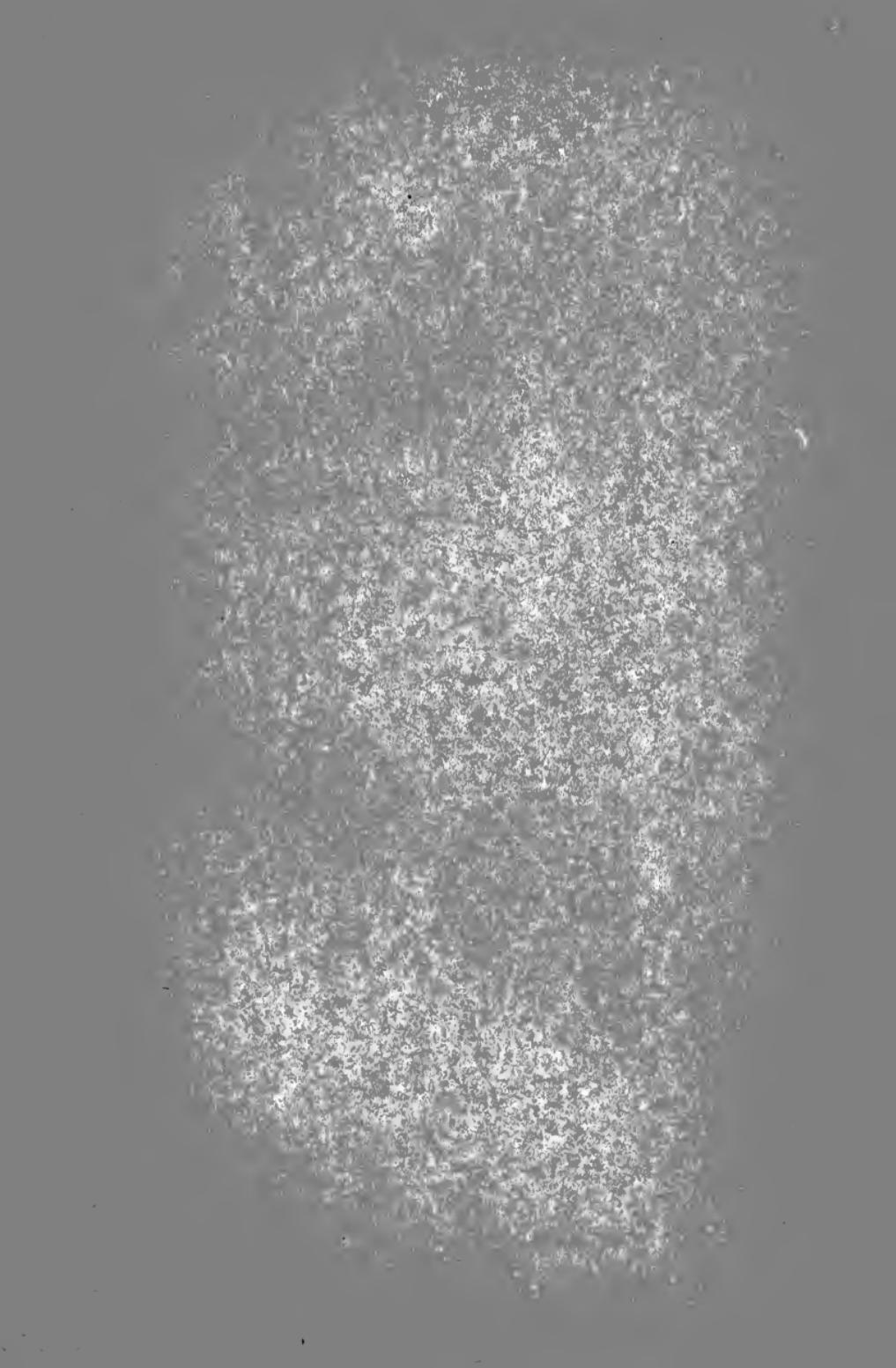
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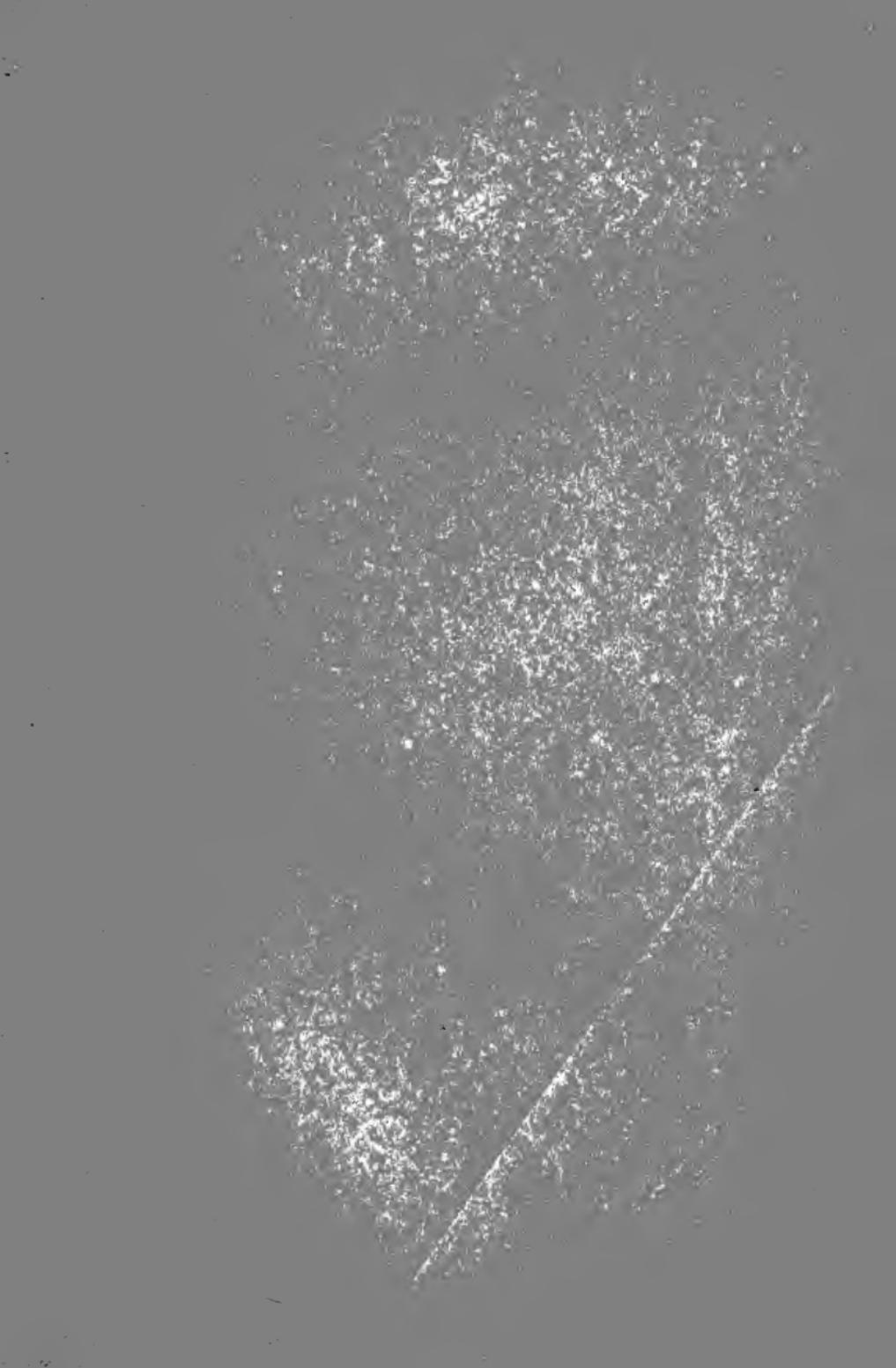
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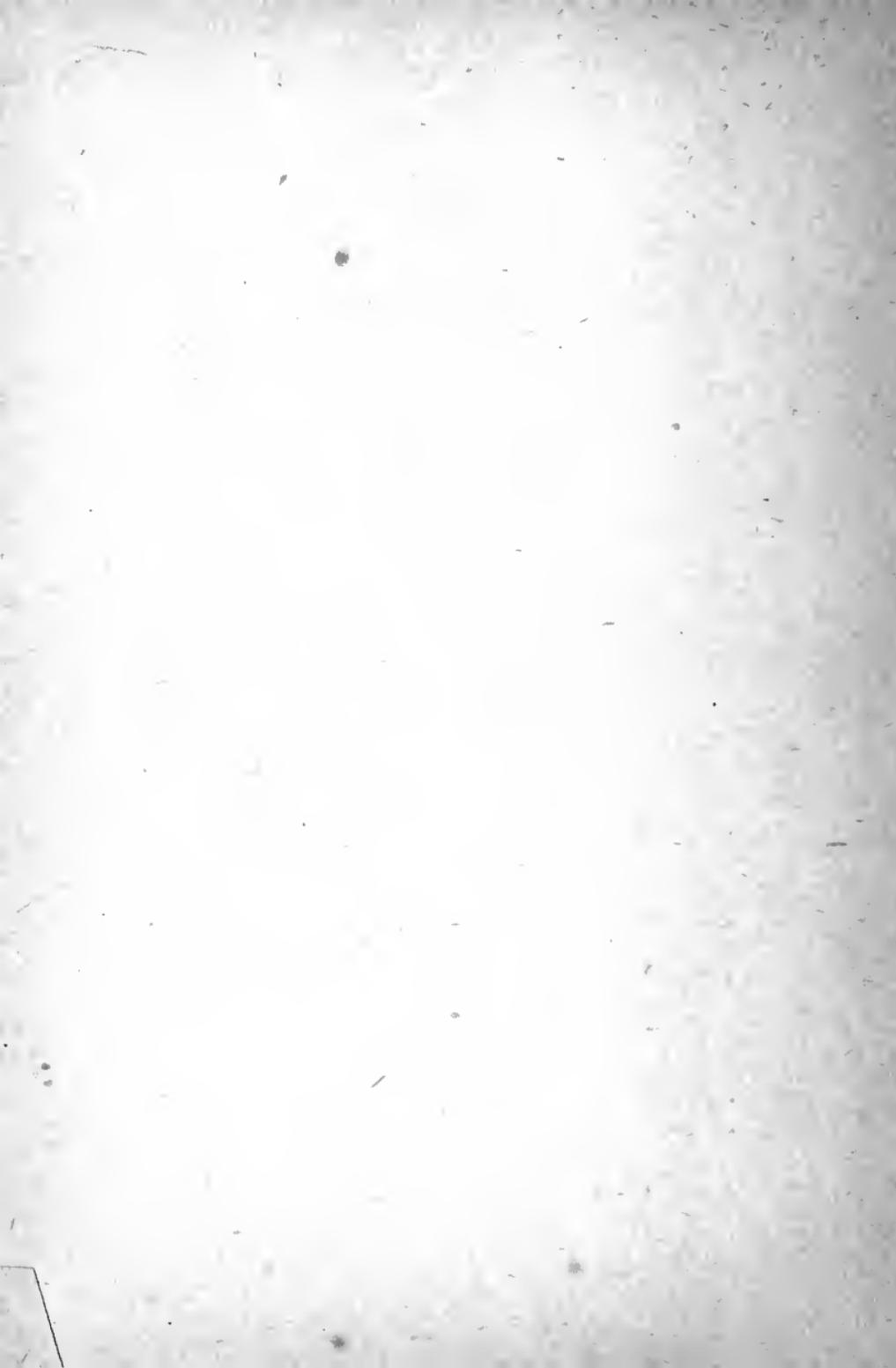
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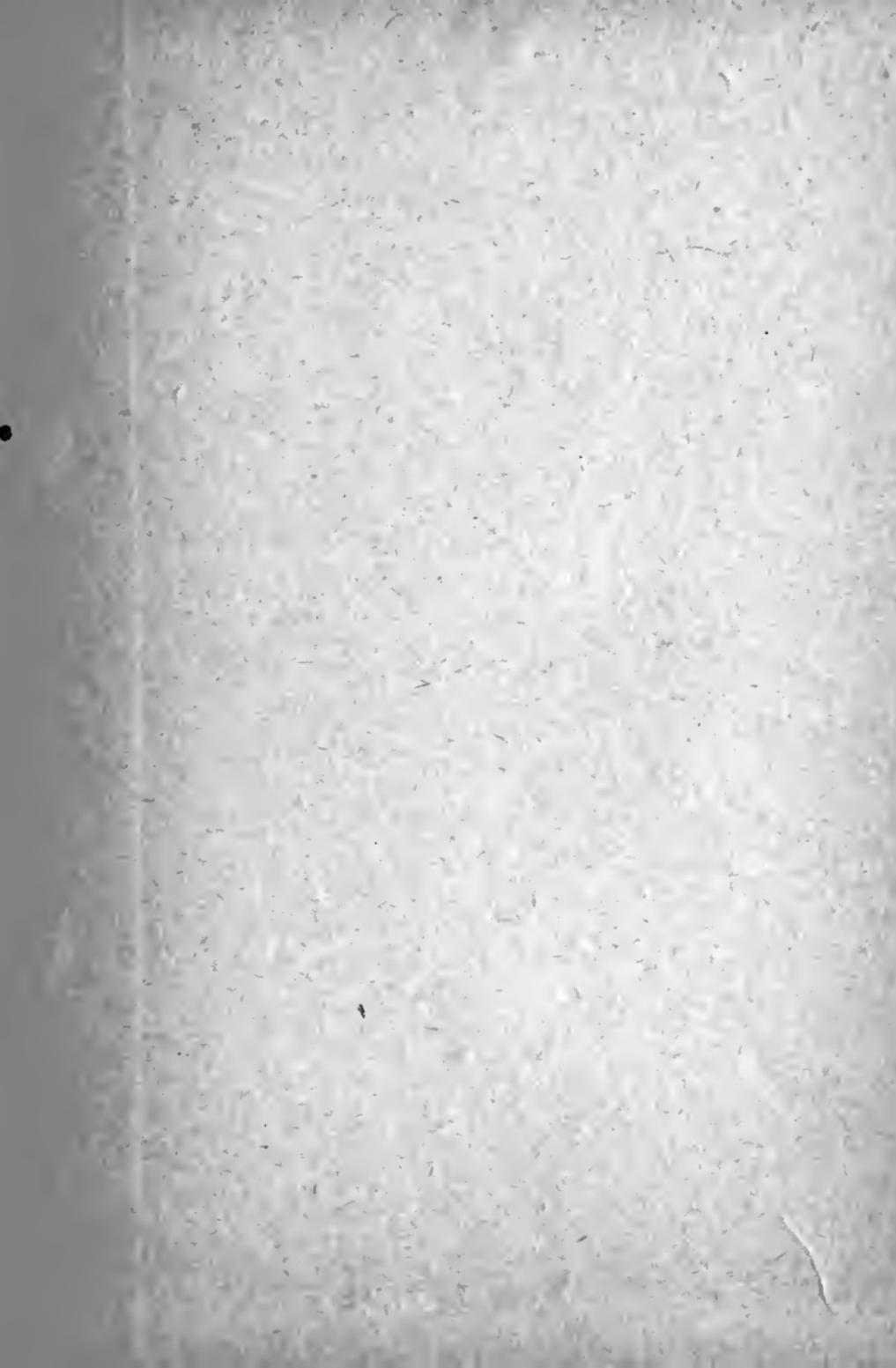
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